Chapter 470: The Limit of Divine Compression

Despite all his mastery over creation and existence, Sung Jin-Woo stood before a challenge he had yet to fully conquer: the sheer enormity of his divine form. His body, now evolved to planetary dimensions even in its most compact state, made moving discreetly across smaller realms impossible.

The Dominion Citadel floated above the divine sea, its vastness stretching as far as the mortal mind could fathom. Sung Jin-Woo, seated on his golden Throne of Dominion, contemplated this limitation. He had already concealed his additional arms and wings, but size itself was not something so easily diminished.

"Even I have boundaries," he murmured to himself with a wry smile.

Gabriel and Azrael stood nearby, observing his deep thought. "What troubles you, my lord?" Gabriel asked gently.

"I still can't shrink my physical form beyond the size of a planet," Sung Jin-Woo admitted. "Traveling to mundane realms or interacting with mortals directly without disrupting their worlds is... inconvenient."

Azrael, ever blunt, spoke with a dark chuckle. "Why not remain as you are? Let mortals tremble at your vastness."

Sung Jin-Woo shook his head. "That’s not my way. Fear isn't the path I wish to tread."

After a moment of silence, a familiar solution dawned upon him—a method he'd often used during his early conquests and explorations. "I’ll create a clone," he decided. "A vessel small enough to walk unnoticed, one that carries only a fraction of my true power."

With a single thought, Sung Jin-Woo extended his hand, channeling an infinitesimally small fragment of his divine essence. Energy coalesced before him, shimmering like starlight. Gradually, the energy molded into a humanoid form—two meters tall, lean, and familiar in appearance.

The clone's eyes flickered open, golden like his true self but softer, less intimidating. Its presence radiated strength, but nowhere near the overwhelming force of the True Absolute One.

Gabriel tilted his head in admiration. "Impressive. How much power does it hold?"

Sung Jin-Woo smirked. "Less than a speck of dust compared to my full essence."

He reached out, merging his consciousness with the clone. Instantly, he felt himself perceiving the world through its limited senses—sight, sound, and touch reduced to a mortal-like scale. It was both refreshing and liberating.

"This will do," Sung Jin-Woo said, satisfied. "Now I can traverse the realms without disrupting their balance."

Azrael crossed his arms. "And if danger arises?"

Sung Jin-Woo’s eyes glinted. "I’ll be watching. If necessary, I can summon my true form in an instant."

The clone took a step forward, its presence blending seamlessly with the surroundings. No longer bound by the constraints of his colossal form, Sung Jin-Woo could now engage directly with the multiverse, guiding, protecting, and observing without overwhelming those he sought to help.

As the clone prepared to depart, Gabriel bowed respectfully. "Safe travels, my lord."

Sung Jin-Woo, speaking through the clone, offered a faint smile. "The journey never truly ends, Gabriel."

And so, with a form as modest as two meters tall, Sung Jin-Woo’s consciousness ventured forth, ready to walk unseen among gods, dragons, and mortals alike—an ever-watchful guardian veiled in simplicity.